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## LONDON BOOK-AUCTIONS.

AMONG the innumerable things more or less peculiar to London, and in which a stranger may be expected to take some interest, are the book-auctions, which, nevertheless, are not only little visited by strangers, but little known even to the lounging world of London itself. It is, indeed, a melancholy sort of interest which rests upon these receptacles of literature, seeing how much they are associated with some of the saddest of human calamities; for almost as certainly as any eminent person comes to ruin or goes to his last home, so is it that his library must be disposed of. But book-auctions are not exclusively a subject of pathetic reflection, as any one may satisfy himself who attends them a very few times. The busy curiosity which they excite in certain minds, and the earnest breathings of the book-passion or bibliomania which attend them throughout their whole progress, are things which, on the contrary, can scarcely fail to furnish some degree of amusement.

A walk from Piccadilly, down Pall Mall, through the Strand, into Fleet Street, takes in all the sale-rooms of any note, namely, those of Messrs. Evans, Sotheby, Fletcher, Hodgson, and Southgate. About the commencement of the spring of each year, these several gentlemen issue advertisements and catalogues of their respective sales; and in the rooms of one or other of them, a sale is generally to be found in progress once in every week, up to the middle or end of the summer or autumn. On some occasions, two or three of them may have sales proceeding at the same time; but they generally contrive to time these affairs so as not to interfere with each other, and thus secure for each particular sale an undivided attendance. Like other professional men, the book-auctioneers have each some peculiar distinction. At the head of the craft stands undoubtedly Mr. Evans, whose father, I believe, was an eminent salesman before him, and the editor of a well-known collection of English ballads, which made good some of the deficiencies of Percy. Nearly all the sumptuous libraries of peers and wealthy commoners are dispersed by the potent hammer-falls of Mr. Evans. He is distinguished for his minute and extensive acquaintance with books. Mr. Sotheby, who has a share of such aristocratic patronage, is the chief disposer of articles of virtù and bijouterie, coins, rare prints, and miscellaneous curiosities. A first-rate book-auctioneer must needs be a man of acute natural parts, as well as of much acquired knowledge of various kinds. Not only must he have profound skill in books, and all their various editions and peculiarities, but he must possess a certain tact and oratorical power, in order to make that knowledge tell upon his audience. He must know to which of his customers the phrase "a tall copy" will have a charm—with whom "an uncut copy" will be irresistible—who will be most fervent for a "first edition," and who least able to withstand the words, "bound by Lewis." Such phrases as "a prizeable copy," "a pie-nic copy," "a sweetly coated volume," "a glorious black-letter," are at the command of any one; but the clever auctioneer knows upon whom to fix his eye as they severally fall from his tongue. A natural quickness of eye is also requisite, to catch up the nods—the slightest shades of assent—in distant parts of the room—for sometimes it is necessary almost to divine the state of the bidder's mind, and relieve him from the pain of hesitation. Let no one think poorly of the trade of the auctioneer. The reader may be assured there is a genius for selling books as well as for writing them, and the hammer is a scarcely less dignified instrument than the pen.

If you be a lover of elegant or of rare books, you

necessarily become a frequenter of the well-known sale-rooms in Pall Mall and Wellington Street. There you will be seen lounging, catalogue and pencil in hand, over the thickly-spread tables for days before the sale, jotting down memoranda and making up your mind on the momentous matters before you; regarding, of course, every similar enthusiast with the jealousy inseparable from keen affections. If you be one in whom the passion is quite beyond control, you give a personal attendance at the sale, and, looking Mr. Evans unflinchingly in the face, announce your bids by voice or nods. But the experienced votary knows how dangerous is the excitement of such scenes. The main difficulty is to avoid bidding when the book is about to be knocked down at a *little* above the sum you thought it would bring. Surely, you think, I must not lose that book for the sake of a single shilling. Another nod—but, lo! another nod from another head succeeds that! If you can but stop now, you are safe; but it is a hundred chances to one, that you feel annoyed that the mere advance of one shilling should have ejected you from the possession; and if you but indulge this kind of feeling, farewell to your prudence—the book is sure to be yours, but at what price? The only safe method is to fix a price before the lot is exhibited on the table, and to let no consideration induce you to exceed it. But what man of feeling can so govern himself? It may appear an easy self-conquest to such as have no *penchant* for books; but, to a genuine bibliomaniac, how hard a task! Hence the more excitable of these gentlemen never trust themselves in the room at all after the sale has commenced, but hand marked catalogue to some bookseller, or to the auctioneer's clerk, and walk away themselves most coolly and prudently. The very booksellers, too, are aware of the strength of the nodding propensity, and many of them commit their priced catalogues to the hands of some urchin of twelve or fourteen, exempt, of course, from the mania, but who generally becomes a good deal of an adept in the business of sales, and is sometimes observed to assume an air of marvellous importance while coolly bidding against an aged or titillated opponent for folios as big as himself.

Each season in London is commonly productive of at least one extensive book-sale, in which the attention of the book-buying world is engrossed for the time. The great sale of last year was that of the Marquis of Wellesley's library, at which a shilling pamphlet on the recent war in the East, which happened to be enriched with a few marginal notes by the marquis, referring to events which took place during his governor-generalship, fetched, if we remember rightly, something over forty pounds. Many of the classical works also fetched very high prices, the marquis having been acknowledged as one of the best Greek scholars of his day. A few weeks since, a genuine autograph of Shakespeare, being the signature attached to a deed of his house in Blackfriars, was sold by Mr. Evans. Except three to his will in Doctors' Commons, and another in a book in the British Museum, this is the only autograph of Shakespeare in existence, and consequently it was hotly contended for. When the biddings had amounted to one hundred guineas, advances became tardy, and breathless attention was accorded to the seller. It would not have done to let the hammer obey its own gravitating tendency too soon on such an occasion. Many were the amateurs who pondered on the case pro and con, with compressed lips and downcast eyes, willing to go forward, but forced to refrain; when at length a period was put to their pain by the proclamation of "gone!" at a hundred and forty-five guineas, the librarian of

the city of London being the purchaser. The sale of this year has been Lord Berwick's costly collection of heraldic books and manuscripts, many of the former of great rarity, and the latter, of course, unique. At this sale (by Mr. Sotheby), I observed most of the book-hunters of the present time of any note or wealth. The results proved that money is ever forthcoming for genuine rarities. Yet it is generally acknowledged that the bibliomania is amongst the diseases which have been declining in intensity of action during the last twenty years. It was at its greatest height during the first years of the present century, when even new books bore prices which it would now be madness to dream of. Perhaps the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library in May 1812 marked the very noon-tide of the fever. At this great *fight*, as Dr. Dibdin calls it, which lasted forty-two days, Mr. Evans made his professional débüt. Amongst many curiosities collected by the duke in the course of a long life, was a copy of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, printed by Valdarfer of Venice in 1471; a book of which no other perfect copy was known to exist. On this lot being exhibited, Mr. Evans made an appropriate oration, which was listened to in breathless silence. Three noble candidates had gathered to the field, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, and the Marquis of Blandford (since Duke of Marlborough). The biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. "Hitherto," says Dibdin, in his glowing account of the action, "it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths. 'A thousand guineas' were bid by Earl Spencer, to which the marquis added 'ten.' You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned, all breathing well-nigh stopped, every sword was put home within its scabbard, and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glister, except that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand. See, see! they parry, they lunge, they beat; yet their strength is undiminished, and no thought of yielding is entertained by either. Two thousand pounds are offered by the marquis. Then it was that Earl Spencer, as a prudent general, began to think of a useless effusion of blood and expenditure of ammunition, seeing that his adversary was as resolute and 'fresh' as at the onset. For a quarter of a minute he paused: when my Lord Althorp advanced one step forward, as if to supply his father with another spear for the purpose of renewing the contest. His countenance was marked by a fixed determination to gain the prize, if prudence, in its most commanding form, and with a frown of unusual intensity of expression, had not bade him desist. The father and son for a few seconds converse apart, and the biddings are resumed. 'Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds' said Lord Spencer. The spectators were now absolutely electrified. The marquis quietly adds his usual 'ten,' \* \* and there is an end of the contest. Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a due pause; and, indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended 'in the mid air.' However, at length down dropped the hammer. \* \* The spectators," continues our authority, "stood aghast! and the sound of Mr. Evans's prostrate sceptre of dominion reached, and resounded from, the utmost shores of Italy. The echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark. Boccaccio himself started from his slumber of some five hundred years; and Mr. Van Praet rushed, but rushed in vain, amidst the royal book treasures at Paris, to see if a copy of the said *Valdarfer Boccaccio*

could there be found! The marquis's triumph was marked by a plaudit of hands, and presently after, he offered his hand to Lord Spencer, saying, 'We are good friends still.' His lordship replied, 'Perfectly; indeed I am obliged to you.' 'So am I to you,' said the marquis; 'so the obligation is mutual.' He declared that it was his intention to have gone as far as L.5000. The noble marquis had previously possessed a copy of the same edition, wanting five leaves. 'For which five leaves,' Lord Spencer remarked, 'he might be said to have given L.2200.'

At the houses where an inferior class of books is sold, the scene is usually more lively than at the more aristocratic sales; but the reader must not expect to find an equal degree of refinement. Of course these rooms sometimes exhibit such a stock as draws the attention of the higher order of booksellers, but they are usually repositories for the heterogeneous gatherings of miscellaneous literature, which are not entitled to any higher position than the shelves of stall-keepers. Such assemblages of books are so suitable to a large class of competitors, that a sharp contest is commonly kept up for them. It is customary to lump together three or four books, sometimes a great many more, for the sake of expedition, and it is surprising at what a low rate a few tolerable volumes may thus be occasionally obtained. But it requires no small nerve to outbid, outscramble, and outreach the congregated mass of jeering professionals. The presence of a bidder not of their corporation is generally looked on as an invasion to be repelled, and, as outbidding is an expensive mode of doing so, some other expedient is generally resorted to. Suppose you bid an extra sixpence, that liberal offer will perhaps be received with uproarious applause from all parts of the room. As your liberality increases to nine-pence, a shilling, and upwards, the clapping of hands becomes louder, and is plentifully accompanied with shouts of 'bravo' and loud cheers. The patient auctioneer gravely looks on, and seldom ventures a more severe expostulation than 'really, gentlemen,' or 'time presses.' If you can still stand your ground, it is pretty certain that a nick-name will be given you, derived from some peculiarity to be noted in your outward appearance. You are the gentleman with the whiskers, or Mr Spectacles, or Mr Broadbrim. When the biddings are slack, some facetious stall-keeper will ask if you will oblige the company with a song; and at the putting up of a new lot, if nobody bids, some one will hawhaw, 'What aya Whiskers!' Presently another will inquire if you are inclined to dispose of your spectacles, and in that case what you would take for them! I must, however, give our friends the dealers in second-hand literature the justice to say, that though you may lose your temper, they seldom lose theirs; and if you can only see the joke, and appear to enjoy it, they will even go so far as to extend the hand of friendship to you, and kindly allow you to purchase a cheap lot, should they not want it themselves. Nay, by constantly meeting you, they will even condescend to consider you amongst the initiated, and tolerate your bids and your presence accordingly. This is my own case; for it was long since discovered that I could not afford to aim at the best books, that I was ever ready to impart my knowledge (not, I flatter myself, inconsiderable) of best editions, early and scarce copies, and other secrets of book-worms; and above all, when it came to be known that I usually disposed, to one of the trade, at the close of the season, of more than half of what I had obtained at its commencement, for less than half of what the volumes had cost me—when these merits were summed up, I was voted into toleration, and am now smiled into my seat at the table. On the other hand, I am bound to state that the advantages of this tacit treaty are not all on one side. The information you may derive from the more intelligent stall-keepers is of the most valuable kind. Supposing you want a particular book, one of your friends in the sale-room will tell you where to get it, and what you will most likely have to give for it. You have, peradventure, lost one of the scarce numbers of your set of Quarterly Reviews; and your informant will possibly say, that you'll find No. 23 of the Q. R. at Spoke's, number so and so, in such a court Leicester Fields; for in that neighbourhood stall-keepers most do congregate. He will give you the exact address of a rare Aldine classical work, or of a certain black-letter edition of an old poem, which you may be in search of. I could name one or two dealers in second-hand books who have risen to great eminence from their extreme learning in title-pages and the histories and repositories of books. Many are in the pay of noblemen, to arrange and catalogue their libraries, and to secure any valuable book which may turn up in forthcoming sales.

It has been remarked that the bibliomania is becoming a rare and no longer virulent epidemic.

Whether it has been reduced to the list of remediable diseases by the exhibition of those homeopathic doses of general knowledge which almost all the profession are now compelled to administer, in order to follow and profit by the fashion, or whether it has become positively extinct and inactive with the latest and most confirmed bibliomania, it is not perhaps safe to affirm. This we know, that there is no more decided change of fashion in silks, satins, and ribbons, than in folios, quartos, and octavos, although the changes of taste and fancy are of course incomparably speedier in the habiliments than the volumes. From the commencement of the present century, the taste and demand for "classics," and the Greek and Latin historians and poets, has been perceptibly on the wane; while the demand for the works of the Christian fathers, and high-toned works of ecclesiastical history, has been as perceptible on the increase. Chrysostom is no longer found wanting when weighed against Demosthenes; and Augustine is now decidedly a greater emperor than Augustus. If the great and unique "Livy on vellum," which produced more than L.900 at its last transfer, were now trembling under the hammer, I should almost question whether it would obtain above a third, or half of that sum; and those luxuriant tomes, in whose praise Dr Dibdin has written so much and so eloquently, might now, I fear, display their undiminished margins and undimmed morocco dresses to a cold and calculating assembly. They would all be secure of handsome, but oh, how inferior biddings! The taste for heraldic rarities seems not to be diminished; and all uncommon books relating to our old English annals are eagerly sought after, as well as superior works on the literature of the middle ages, and the earliest cultivators of poetry, or the "gay science," as it was then called. The desire for such works may perhaps be attributed to the publication of those of Hallam, Sismondi, and some of the Germans. The songs, indeed, of the troubadours and the old Provencal poets, were probably never honoured, in the courts where they originally resounded, with the close and careful study they receive at the present period. On the other hand, the Italian poets, always excepting the half dozen stars among them, do not seem to be in such favour as they once were; and the same, perhaps, might be said, with some abatement, of the Spanish poets and classics, although the excessive scarcity of the Madrid editions of these sons of Parnassus places them at a higher pecuniary value than actual popularity. All my readers will be aware, that the price of a work of old date is no test of its merit; and indeed it might be shown that a high price is usually the indication of a low intrinsic value; since, if the book had real merit, it would in all probability be reprinted, and the price of the original editions would thus be reduced to a trifle. This is one of the main causes of the high price of Spanish volumes, and the only one that demands notice.

This last point suggests most naturally a great cause of congratulation to such as by circumstances are prevented from indulging their taste for acquiring books. In these days of steam-printing (what would Henry Stephens, the noble printer, have said to a prophet of a steam-press!), so soon as a book to which no copyright is attached is found to be highly meritorious, so soon is it put forth at a price which places it within the reach of the poor lad who would formerly have been compelled to rest content with carrying home the volume to his master's rich customer. This thrusting of knowledge into everybody's hand in the shape of cheap reprints, will probably, in a few years, place a respectable library in all decent houses. The old editions of classics and curiosities will, however, ever maintain a reasonable pecuniary rank, inasmuch as *these* can never be multiplied. They must always continue to be rarities; and as America now drains us of many of our most extensive accumulations of second-hand books, it is even possible that these may increase in value and age simultaneously.

I am always a prey to pensive thoughts when I enter the sale-room garnished with the library of some deceased veteran, and he must be a hard-hearted collector indeed, who can suffer his paltry prospect of securing a few old tomes to relieve him from the gloomy evidences of the death-caused impotency of the departed proprietor. Ranged round the room are the mute tokens of a life of hopes and fears, the strength of which a Dibdin alone can describe. Here are a set of nearly complete Aldine classics. Reader, have you any conception of the toil and expense at which these must have been procured? Probably the bright prospects that cheered the late Sir S. H. in all his troubles and calamities was the hope of completing the series! He hunted all the repositories of this kind of relics every day; he dreamt of new and unransacked stores every night; he went abroad in search of—not the picturesque—not the fashionable—not, in short, of anything but a "tall Aldine edition" of this and that classic. Perhaps he collected these very volumes in Italy and Holland. But he was cut off before his hopes were realised! He enjoined it on his deathbed, as a father's dying request, to his favourite son Tom, to complete his Aldines! Tom looked down, muttered something—and here they are! But the worst is to come—they are all

lotted—*singly and separately!* The first is knocked down to Mr Stibbs, the second to Mr Spokes, the third to Mr Burnstead—I can bear this dispersion no longer—the fourth, fifth, sixth, and all the rest but two (which Lord B.—would have at any price), are knocked down to YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.

#### FRANK LYON.

THE age in which we live, in spite of its lofty pretensions, is not likely to be ranked by posterity in the class of the heroic ones. Chivalry, with all its gorgeous pageants and incredible exploits, has long been a dream of romance; the age of sentiments which succeeded, a theme for philosophic derision; and the very words hero and heroine have derived from the associations of the Minerva press a tinge of the ludicrous, which it will require centuries of retrograde civilization altogether to remove.

Yet heroes and heroines, and genuine ones too, of the good old romantic stamp, are yet to be found thinly strewed over the surface of our disenchanted planet; and actions are performed, and sacrifices made (though rarely), in boudoirs and drawing-rooms, which the lists of knighthood or the bowers of Arcadia need not have been ashamed to witness. "Tout pour la dame," was the motto of the *preux chevalier* of old, and gallantly did he exalt the lady of his love at the expense of his own blood, and that of others; wearing her badge on his heart, and her image within it, till, with the last life-drop alone, it faintly ebbed away. But to tear it from that heart in the full pride of manhood and success, at the cold whispers of duty and principle, or even the more potent bidding of fraternal affection, is an exploit which, to the lover of old, would have appeared as idle and visionary as the battles of him of La Mancha, to the scoffers of our degenerate day.

It is in our day that acts of such quiet unostentatious martyrdom are still to be detected beneath the iron surface of polished society; and it has fallen to my lot to number among the friends of my bosom two privileged beings, who, with the cup of long-cherished happiness mantling at their very lip, could calmly and unfalteringly remove it from thence for ever, at the suggestion of feelings which some might deem chimerical, and at whose shrine the world's "honourable men" would laugh at them for sacrificing felicity.

Frank Lyon, my hero, was, when I first knew him, at five-and-twenty, I think the most animated, and joyous, and engaging creature that ever the smiles of prosperity cheered without elating. He reminded me always, with his beaming countenance and intense capacity for enjoyment, of a favoured sapling, luxuriating in some sheltered nook where blasts never come, and where it has nothing to do but expand its broad tender leaves all day to the kindly sunshine, and recruit their vigour by night with refreshing dews. He had nothing of the world's hard arid look about him. Sternness had never withered, nor coldness chilled him. He was everybody's *enfant gâté*; and yet, to use an expressive nursery term of commendation, he was one that "would not spoil."

A Benjamin's portion of parental love had, for affecting reasons hereafter to be mentioned, been his; and while, from the same cause, enjoying much of the importance, and privileges, and indulgence of an elder or only son, there existed one to whom all these legitimately belonged, and who might at any moment rise as from the dead, to assert his right to their possession. And cheerfully would the resumption have been borne by the disinterested young soldier, on whose bright path the almost hopeless mental malady of his elder brother cast its only shade of gloom.

It is true that this brother, the offspring of a juvenile and ill-assorted marriage, was so much older than Frank, as to be dimly, if at all remembered, and that only as one whose moody unsocial deportment had sunk deep in the memory of childhood. It is true that his long seclusion, and apparent contentment under it, together with the less promising features of his early character, had gone far to reconcile even a parent to see in Frank the eventual heir to his name and estate; but while these alone were at issue, the generous boy could at any moment have hailed as a boon the removal from his house's *hi-story* of the dark cloud which sat down at times, even on his joyous spirit, with ominous weight and pressure.

Year after year, however, it continued to shroud from the sight, and at length nearly from the memory of the world, the unfortunate Walter Lyon; and Frank, at five-and-twenty, was looked upon as virtually the heir of Chevely Hall. His father died. Unable, from the strictness of the entail, to provide to any extent for his favourite younger son, but in full persuasion of, and acquiescence in, the decrees of Providence, which would ultimately give him all, he had purchased him up as liberally in the army as his youth would permit, and left him with a troop of dragoons, and a brace or two of thousands, saved out of his income; only regretting that the sudden inroad of death had prevented his witnessing the completion of a matrimonial arrangement by which the delay in Frank's succession might be, in the meantime, compensated.

Frank had saved him the trouble; or rather the united caprices of fortune and an heiress had anticipated alike parental solicitude and youthful courtship, by bestowing the decided partiality of one, ac-

customed to please herself in everything, on the young handsome dragoon; who alone (precisely because he saw everybody else courting the smiles of Miss Grosvenor) shrank from enlisting himself among her avowed admirers.

He admired her not the less in secret, however. He had fallen oddly and romantically in love with this beautiful fascinating creature in a chance rencontre in the caves of Derbyshire; where, as she did not carry her heiress-ship written on her forehead, and there was no one to play the office of rumour by publishing it, the spontaneous devotion of a pleasing young man could be attributed to nothing but disinterested admiration. The party to explore this singular district was prolonged. Frank and a brother soldier (whose name, like his own, was a sufficient passport) were invited to join it; and the unrestrained association of three delightful days of rambling and romance, did more to give birth to mutual feelings of partiality, than weeks of more formal intercourse.

It was not, however, immediately followed up. Frank, who had often been told he ought, in his peculiar situation, to marry an heiress, had just that dislike to the measure which such prescriptions are sure to produce; and when he heard that Emma Grosvenor would have £10,000 a-year, half wished he had never seen her, and rejoiced (or thought he did) that he was not likely to see her again. Emma's parents were known to be proud and ambitious; and the idea of being tolerated by them as a suitor, on the sole ground of his brother's misfortune, was too irksome to be voluntarily encountered. No; though thinking a great deal more than he chose to allow, even to himself, of Emma Grosvenor, it was not till sundry intimations had reached him of her recollections of their rencontre being at least equally lively, that he yielded at length to love's secret promptings, and consented to meet her at a county ball.

There was something in her reception of him so unambiguously flattering, its frankness seemed so amiably designed to make him forget the heiress, while, to all beside, the character was supported with abundant hauteur, that a heart less prepossessed, and a disposition less susceptible than Frank's, must have been enthralled at once.

Emma Grosvenor, at eighteen, was in truth the prettiest little sylph that ever appeared on the surface of our earth, to flutter its clumsy gnomes out of countenance. Her features were so faultlessly regular, that, if larger, they could hardly have escaped insipidity; but there was in her eyes a diamond sparkle which would have sufficed to illuminate a "boundless contiguity of shade." A glance at her foot would have saved Cinderella's lover a royal edict and a world of trouble; and when her fairy fingers rested on its surface, an ordinary-sized guitar seemed designed for Glumdalclitch. Her *tout ensemble* was that of one of the Liliputian exotic roses which, lost in the parterre, suit so exquisitely the refined atmosphere of the boudoir or drawing-room; and this form of fairyland was animated by a spirit of playfulness quite in keeping with its exterior. Others danced, but Emma floated like a zephyr; and when it was with Frank Lygon, her very slippers (as a less fortunate bystander remarked) seemed instinct with life.

And thus she danced, and sung, and smiled herself into the heart of my poor hero, who, having entered on the game with a debt of spontaneous admiration already incurred, had fearful odds against him, in beauty, and grace, and determination. For this was a word familiar from childhood in Emma's vocabulary; and as she told her companions first, and ere long her parents, she was determined to have Frank Lygon.

The encouragement—courtship it might almost be called—being so decidedly on the other side, and (tacitly, at least) sanctioned by her parents, Frank now felt that to address the heiress could no longer be ascribed to puppyism or fortune-hunting. In fact, Emma's fortune was, in his eyes, as the envious thorn, which prevented his now thoroughly-engaged affections from luxuriating freely around their idol. He would have preferred her a thousand times with a pittance like his own; not because he was a fool or a philosopher, but because he was a lover, and a proud one. His future expectations, however, were fully a match for hers, and these, though distant, reconciled him to the present disparity. So it did her parents; who, in consenting with a good grace, instead of a bad one, as they must have done, to their wilful girl's marriage with poor young Lygon, the future owner of Chevely Hall, just made sacrifice enough of ambition to their daughter's happiness (Anglicé, good pleasure) to round a good period in letters of announcement to dear friends, and justify a sigh of sentiment in confidential gossipings with half London.

Frank's love now became, like himself, open, joyous, and confiding; his happiness unsusceptible of increase, and incapable, he fondly deemed, of change. Whence, indeed, could ought to impair its exquisite perfection arise! Emma had distinguished, nay, singled him from among hundreds more highly gifted—had loved him for *himself*; and he—were friends, fortune, and even beauty, to desert her to-morrow—felt that to him she would still be the Emma of Matlock, who, amid Cimmerian darkness, and all that was dismal and fantastic in external nature, had, like the "Ondine" of romance, conjured him out of his heart by her sportive witcheries. Thus thought and felt my hero; and thus, at least, spoke Emma Grosvenor. That she

ever thought or felt much on any subject, there were those who doubted; but not so as yet Frank Lygon. Who, indeed, while gazing at a thing so bright and sparkling, could pause to examine if it were a planet or a meteor?

Matrimonial arrangements, meanwhile, proceeded with the usual aristocratic routine and legal deliberation. Manum and daughter fluttered, like butterflies, amid silks and jewels; papa and counsel plunged fathom deep in deeds and settlements; and Frank, exiled alike by *bienveillance* and business, took refuge late one evening in the joyless solitude of Chevely. There was something ominous to a young lover and young heir in thus arriving as a hermit and an interloper in the desolated house of his fathers. He had not crossed its threshold since he left it to lay in the dust the head of the kindest of parents; and the first object that met his gaze in the hall was the picture of his father, where the breathing original had so often given him affection's smiling welcome. He rushed up stairs, but it was to shrink from the chill aspect of the untenanted library; and in the uncertain blaze which the damp logs reluctantly yielded, he could have mistaken the tall thin figure of the old servant, who glided noiselessly about, for that of his long exiled brother.

To get rid of the idea, and break the spell by a tangible misery, he forced himself (at all times a painful task) to ask the old steward what late accounts had been received of the unfortunate abroad. Old Edwards, who, like every one else, had well nigh lost sight of poor Walter in the brighter prospects of a younger favourite, answered, "I am ashamed to say I don't know, Mr Frank, when there's a letter in the house with the half-yearly report from Lausanne. It was directed to my dear master that's gone, and came just after his death; and I blame myself for not sending it to you at the time. But I did not like to vex you then, and since that, you've been too happy to be troubled; and its just a mere form—always the same thing over again. Mr Walter will never be better."

"I fear not," said Frank, mechanically, perhaps, but sincerely; yet he started as if he had uttered a falsehood, when he felt with what callous indifference he could open the record of a fellow-creature's hopeless aberration of intellect. Poor Frank! narrow was the escape his own senses made, as he read, without well comprehending it, the astounding announcement of his brother's unshopped-for amendment, and possible restoration to his place in society, after thirteen years of unvarying alienation of mind!

It was not (under existing circumstances) in human nature to be glad, nor in Frank Lygon's to be sorry; indeed he was neither at first; only stunned by so decided an annihilation of the now "baseless fabric" of his wedded happiness. He felt, with the unerring instinct of misfortune, that the letter in his hands would, with Emma's parents, have all the effect of a papal interdict of old. With their consent, he could no longer hope to call her his; and the fearful question now arose, would she, all determined as she had shown herself, wait three long years for the right to become a poor man's wife! A competent fortune would then be at her disposal. But would she risk the forfeiture of a splendid inheritance and her parents' favour, for obscurity with Frank Lygon? Yesterday, he would have said, yes, *scorn it*; to-day, in the strong light of reality and calamity, he doubted—not of her love, for none ever loved as he did without conviction strong as holy writ—of the mutual attachment of the object of such true devotion. But Emma was young, very young; and three long years of parental persecution, and lovers' importunities, and the world's smiles, and the ordeal of absence—none could love as he did, and not tremble!

I need not remark, that Frank, without being a greater villain than half the honourable men who walk this equivocating world of ours, might have chucked the letter into the fire which blazed so temptingly before him, or into his late father's writing-table drawer, where it would have lain very snug till after his marriage, *that day month*, with Emma Grosvenor; or till the next half-yearly bulletin from Lausanne; or, perchance, till the arrival of poor Walter himself, like the living ghost of some long-wept crusader, to mar the mirth and scare the wedding guests with most admired disorder. But Frank was a man and a hero (at least so I set out with asserting), and amidst such pangs as flesh is heir to, when hearts are rended, and hopes crushed, and joys self-immolated on the altar of principle, he inclosed the Swiss pastor's letter to Mr Grosvenor, with a hurried postscript, bearing that, after three days' inevitable detention at Chevely (days pleaded for by love to give time for a word from Emma), it was alike his duty and intention to proceed to Lausanne, to verify the truth of the report, and atone for the delay occasioned by the old steward's culpable negligence. The letter was signed, folded, and sealed with the haste of desperation; and Frank went to bed, to sink at length into slumbers of exhaustion, and start from them in hideous struggles with madmen among precipices of the Alps.

Next day was passed by poor Frank in voluntary exile from the house—where he now felt doubly an intruder—amid the woods, whose refreshing coolness he invoked in vain. He strolled towards evening into his nurse's cottage on their skirts, and endured, as best he might, her congratulations on his approaching marriage.

"I shall never be married, nurse!" said he despondingly; "my brother will be back among you, and who, then, will care for poor penniless Frank?"

"I'll care sure, dear," said the affectionate creature; "and there's one will care twice as much as ever, else she's no bride for Frank Lygon."

"No bride, indeed, for him, nurse!—you've spoken but too truly," exclaimed poor Frank, glad to escape even from sympathy; and a restless night ushered in another day of wretchedness.

Business, that grand panacea for mental misery, happily enabled Frank to exist till the return of an express, late in the evening, from the post town five miles off, might bring letters from Emma and her father. There were none! Whoever has measured the intensity of another's affection and exertions by his own possible, nay, in the same circumstances, indubitable energy, and found them wanting, can but estimate his disappointment. This night his dreams were fantastic rather than horrible. The marriage of Emma with his brother formed their principal and constantly recurring feature.

The third day—the last pride or duty would allow him to devote—was wasted in hope deferred; but deferred only, for that night's post brought a letter from Mrs Grosvenor (her lord was too cautious to commit himself), highly approving of the journey to Lausanne, and tacitly postponing, till its result should be known, all matrimonial allusions whatever. From Emma, too, there were a few precious lines, which, though her mother declined inclosing, she was too independent, and, to do her justice, too much in love, to suppress. They were full of incoherent regrets at so inopportune a discovery, and profession of unabated attachment, mixed up with hopes that all would yet turn out well—*videlicet*, in the continued illness of poor Walter. But Frank, to whose lips the letter had been pressed often, ere he had leisure to remark its deficiencies, sought in vain for that "sober certainty of waking bliss" which a calm yet energetic assurance of unshaken constancy, *under all circumstances*, would at once have communicated. It was signed, however, "Your own Emma"; and the talisman contained in these three words nerved him for a journey, melancholy at best in its object, and probably fatal in its issue to all his dearest hopes.

The tenth day from the reading of Monsieur Epernay's letter found Frank Lygon on the summit of the Jura, looking across to the stupendous panorama of the Alps, and downward on the Eden of the Pays de Vaud. His first genuine feeling of sympathy for his brother now banished more selfish emotions. To see him awakened to the enjoyments of a scene like this, after years of unconscious abstraction, would indeed be worth coming so far, and risking so much for. And to gain a brother, might perhaps (so wondrous are the ties of nature) make amends for the peril of losing even a bride. But this was too painful to be dwelt on, and Frank, by a strong effort, roused himself to admire the Lake of Geneva, as he skirted its lovely margin on his way to Lausanne.

It was in a sequestered dell, stretching northward from that most picturesquely situated of towns, that the parsonage lay which had been for thirteen years the asylum of the young Englishman. A *coup de soleil*, followed by imprudent exertions among the mountains, had produced brain fever, and that had subsided into apparently incurable insanity. His father, on being summoned to his son's bed-side at a mountain *auberge*, found it attended with brotherly kindness by a young Swiss divine, the accidental comrade of his wanderings; and when, after more than a year's painful suspense, recovery became worse than doubtful, the healthy climate, bracing air, and retired situation of the *prébistère* of Charmey, marked it out as the most eligible residence the now harmless patient could inhabit—the pitying pastor having imbibed, from his own Christian attentions to the sufferer, a deep interest in his fate.

Here the days of the handsome and highly-born Walter Lygon had ever since rolled on, unmarked by any gleam of reviving capacity for the business of life; though (except at seasons of unusual depression) the society of the family seemed a tacit enjoyment, and the cultivation of flowers a decided amusement.

The first symptoms of dawning intelligence which (after an alarming attack of bodily illness) drew the attention of those around him to a change in his mental condition, was the mention of his little brother Frank (for as such he evidently still remembered him), and a proposal to send him some favourite rose-trees from the invalid's own garden. It was in vain for some time to persuade him that the child, whose amusement he wished to promote, was a gay and gallant soldier, as tall as himself, and familiar with battle and glory; but by degrees he took it in, and then began to express ardent, though short-lived, longings to see and embrace this newly recovered brother.

Several times were the good Epernays on the brink of writing, to follow up the first report they had hastily transmitted of their patient's returning consciousness; but a relapse had ensued, during which he seemed to forget his brother; and they regretted having tantalised old Mr Lygon with apparently delusive hopes. Accounts of his death, in the meantime, reached them; and this event seemed likely to afford the most decisive test of the degree of renovation of mind to be expected from his son.

A suit of deep mourning was substituted for his usual mountain garb; and the family, out of respect,

as well as to strengthen the impression, assumed the same dress. "So Frank is gone! poor, poor Frank!" said the unconscious heir, glancing at the sables around him, "just when I hoped and thought he would have come to see me."

"It is not your brother who is gone, mon ami," said the kind Madame Epernay, observing an expression of unusual intelligence on her patient's countenance, "but your worthy father, whose death leaves you a great name, and a princely inheritance, might it please God to restore you to enjoy them!"

Walter gazed on her with the anxious look of a child trying to understand a difficult lesson; sighed, shook his head, and no more passed. At dinner, the family studiously addressed him as *Monsieur Lygon*, a change which he appeared to notice, though not entirely to comprehend. He continued restless and thoughtful for some days, and then suddenly said, "I hope Frank lives at Chevely now, and keeps open house as my poor father did before him."

"No one has 'kept open house' at Chevely, dear Monsieur Lygon, since your illness threw a damp over everything there; and no one has a right to live there now but yourself. Should you not like to do so?"

The heir of Chevely looked up in his Swiss friend's face with a momentary flush of excitement, and then shaking his head, as before, said, "No! I shall never see Chevely again. But I must and will see Frank; let him be sent for before I go to my poor father."

But tidings of Frank's intended marriage in the meantime reached Lausanne, and all there felt reluctant to intrude on his happier prospects with the often intermitting fancies of one who, when he came, might perhaps not be able to recognise or converse with him. The letter (now five months old) found at Chevely spared them all responsibility, by bringing Frank, unbidden, to Charmey; and it was just as Walter, after one of the severe attacks of bodily illness, which left him weak but collected, was reiterating his inquiries when his brother might be expected, that Frank, looking little less haggard and exhausted than he came to see, stood in the vine-clad porch of the *presbytère* of Charmey before the astonished eyes of its inhabitants.

"How is my brother! will he know me?" were Frank's really agonised inquiries, all personal considerations fairly swallowed up in the approaching interview.

"He has been very ill in body; so ill, that we must be cautious in announcing you; but he asked for you twenty times this very day."

"Asked for me! Thank heaven I came!" ejaculated Frank in uncontrollable agitation; "let me see him for God's sake."

Madame Epernay led the way silently up stairs, and knocked in her usual gentle manner at the invalid's door. "Come in, Frank!" was the unexpected answer, in a voice low indeed from exhaustion, but perfectly clear and distinct. Frank caught the sound, and wholly unable to command himself, rushed into the room. The supposed maniac, the unshaven, unkempt, dishevelled looking creature of his dreams and his imagination, was nowhere to be seen. Reclining on a sofa, carefully dressed in his deep mourning habit, lay a mild-looking gentleman-like man, who received his brother, as one long expected, with a calmness of fraternal welcome more overcoming than excess of agitation or even utter unconsciousness.

"This is kind of you, Frank!" said he, pressing his brother's hand with both his own to his heart; "very kind. I knew you were coming, for Madame Epernay told me you could not keep open house at Chevely without my leave, and I told her to send for you on purpose. I wish everything to go on there as it did long ago, when we were both boys."

"God grant we may both be there again together ere long!" said Frank fervently.

"No, Frank, no!" answered Walter with the mournful shake of the head habitual to him. "Where the tree falls it must lie. Don't carry me to England. Alive it will never be; and dead, it is worse than useless. Lay me here among my roses; Madame Epernay will water them night and morning."

All this was terribly trying to Frank, whose imagination had ranged from the two extremes of raving madness and absolute sanity, without being at all prepared for the affecting incoherence of a mind fluttering on the confines of the latter, but never perhaps destined to pass beyond them.

Two things alone were certain—namely, that Walter was in a situation of possible amendment, which precluded his being set aside as incurable; and that Frank's leaving him at so interesting a crisis, was wholly out of the question. He transmitted, after a few days of this affecting fraternal intercourse, its leading features to Mr Grosvenor; while to Emma he poured out every interesting particular with a lover's minuteness—forgetting, absolutely forgetting, in the enthusiasm of new-born brotherly affection—the unfavourable effect his sanguine expressions might have on his dearest hopes. Even to Emma, he could bless God that he had left her at the call of duty—even to Emma express heart-felt wishes for his brother's final restoration. In the exaltation of his own feelings, he forgot to conceive the possible existence in others of sordid or interested motives. He felt worthier than ever of Emma; and could she fail to think him so? She did not. Her letters overflowed with a tenderness which would have delighted Frank still more, had it not seemed uncomfortably blended with care-

fully gathered opinions from medical authorities on the improbability of Walter's ultimate recovery. It was just, they asserted, a rally of nature, not uncommon before dissolution; and on this she dwelt, till Frank, who was ransacking heaven and earth for exactly opposite prognostics, could have quarrelled even with his beloved for hanging her happiness on another's wo. Mr Grosvenor, too, spoke disagreeably of his return to England, when all should be over, as if failing that deplorable contingency all was indeed "over" between him and his daughter. "Let them talk and act as they like," said Frank to himself indignantly; "while Walter lives, and knows me, my post is by his couch. I may suffer for it, but repent it never!"

Change of scene and place was an expedient from which the sanguine mind of Frank expected much; and it was tried, but with slender success. Walter continued to hang on for nearly two years, subject to periodical attacks of bodily disease, but awaking from each with clearer perceptions, and more intense enjoyment of his brother's almost filial attentions.

Frank, meantime, however, was suffering in health and spirits from protracted anxiety, and the worse than dubious state of his own cherished hopes. Emma, whose letters had long been "few and far between," ceased to write. Rumour represented her as the cynosure of the gay world; and poor Frank began to fear that, come when they might, wealth and honours would be too late for happiness.

Madame Epernay, to whose maternal bosom he had at length imparted his secret uneasiness, took upon her the responsibility of peremptorily ordering him home, to look after the interests of his love; and the kind office of reconciling his brother to a temporary absence of him, in whose presence he literally seemed alone to live.

"If I had a favourite rose-tree, dear Monsieur Lygon," said she, "down in the garden, infested by insects, and exposed to dangerous blights, and which I was fearful of losing, would you not spare me gladly to water and look after it?"

"Yes, that I would, *ma bonne!* and regret that I could not go with you to help you in your task, as I used to do when I was stronger."

"Well, *mon ami!* Frank, when he came so hurriedly to see you, left a *belle fiancée*, a pretty little English girl, to wait till he was at leisure to come home and marry her."

"He shall go directly and do it," said Walter, interrupting her hastily.

"No, *mon cher!* that he cannot do, for she has a *vilain papa* who forbids it. Till she is twenty-one, a full year hence, she cannot make your brother as happy as he deserves to be. But it would make him easy in the meantime to go to England for a few days, and look after his rose, and see that no one plucks it in his absence, and leaves him nothing but the thorns. Don't you think he should do this, you who know all about roses so well?"

"About roses? Yes!" said the invalid, with his melancholy shake of the head. "About roses well—about love nothing! But Frank does, and that will do for us both. Oh! bid him go directly, and bid him come back soon. I shall not want him long. Before his 'full year' is out, I shall have done with him."

Walter was now uneasy till his brother's departure, and how uneasy till his return, kind friends spared Frank the additional pain of hearing. Enough of that awaited him in England. He found Emma, as and forebodings had presaged, faithless! Tired of the tantalising fluctuations in Mr Lygon's health, which all around her were interested in representing as likely to be indefinitely protracted, spoiled by the adulation of the great world, and unfitted for existence beyond its sphere, piqued at Frank for preferring his brother's sick-bed to the personal cultivation of his interest in her heart (though his letters and conduct would have elicited a holier flame into imperishable brilliancy), the attractions which had first captivated her fickle fancy faded into oblivion, before objects less worthy far, yet perhaps more congenial. Anxious to transfer to her parents some share of the blame of her own inconstancy, by marrying before the period of independence should arrive, yet, wilful as ever, even when the heart had little to say in the choice, she preferred to marry a more eligible suitor, a *roué* peer of decided fashion, but broken fortunes, doubtful character, and dissipated habits, to whom her parents (and no one pitied them) would, ere the knot was actually tied, have, in the bitterness of their hearts, preferred a thousand times the penniless, nay, even proctless, Frank Lygon.

When Frank heard this, and it met him in the public prints on the very threshold of his country, his first impulse was to re-embark, and abjure it for ever. But a second and manlier feeling determined him to complete the sacrifice he had already made to duty, by a painful but necessary visit to Chevely; from whence, from that very library where his first gave, by an act of heroic sincerity, the death-blow to his youthful dreams of happiness, he dated their final renunciation in a few cold lines to his "own Emma," inclosing all the letters thus subscribed by a hand since profaned by coquetry, and about to ratify its own eternal degradation. This done, he returned with a saddened, yet relieved heart, to Lausanne; and after watching for another year the gentle and almost simultaneous extinction of his brother's malady and life, he landed with his remains in England about the

very period which made Emma Grosvenor twenty-one.

It was on the day when, with a bridegroom, whom a year of wedded life had sufficed already to unmak, the heiress went down to take possession of estates to which she already found herself a mere burdensome appendage, that the long funeral train bound for Chevely crossed, by a strange coincidence, the bridal pageant for Grosvenor Hall. The bridegroom bit his lips, the bride sunk back in the carriage. What she felt, through a few short years of wedded martyrdom, few can tell; but she died young, and, amid the horrors of a decline, which opium was said to have soothed but to accelerate, held sad disjointed converse with the absent but never forgotten Frank Lygon.

#### THEODORE HOOK.

AN article on Theodore Hook, in the last number of the Quarterly Review (No. 143), contains much that is amusing, mixed with much that is extremely affecting. It delineates, as far as literature can, talents which appear next to miraculous. It attributes to its hero a character upon the whole amiable. Yet this man, we find, passed through life in almost continual difficulties, and died prematurely and miserably. Let all ordinarily endowed men read this biography of the author of "Sayings and Doings," and be more than content. Hook, from his boyhood, showed extraordinary powers of comic humour and impromptu versifying. Having pleased the Prince Regent for a few evenings, he was appointed treasurer at the Mauritius, with two thousand a-year, which he enjoyed for five years. The reviewer enters minutely into the affair of his discharge for a confusion in his accounts, and makes it tolerably clear that he was guilty of nothing worse than neglect of his duty. But how lamentable that he could not give the necessary attention to a duty so light and so well paid! Returning at about thirty-two years of age to London, with a broken character, and the burden of a large government debt upon his shoulders, he commenced the life of a man of letters, in which he met with great success. It appears that the editing of the *John Bull* newspaper at one time produced him two thousand a-year, and that he made two thousand pounds by the first series of his "Sayings and Doings." Yet he never got into easy circumstances. All seems to have been spent in fine housekeeping and bachelor jollities. The reviewer justly blames him for not living in extreme moderation, and laying aside a portion of his large gains to set himself right with the government, which might then have done something else in his favour. So far from taking this honourable course, he plunged into other debts to a large amount. An unfortunate domestic connexion further helped to sink this brilliant man. We must here extract from the Review a passage which to us is more powerful than hundreds of sermons:—

"New debts began to accumulate so rapidly, that, about 1831, he found it necessary to get rid of the house at St James's, and removed to one of more modest dimensions, close to Fulham Bridge, with a small garden towards the river. Here he remained to the end; but, though he took advantage of the change to drop the custom of giving regular dinners, and probably to strike off some other sources of expense, he not only continued his habits of visiting, but extended them as new temptations offered, until his *Book* came to contain an array of names which, after some observation both of him and of London, it surprised us to go over. Long before the close, it included various members of the royal family—numerous representatives of every rank in the peerage—with few exceptions, all the leading politicians on the *Tory* side—not a few of their conspicuous opponents in both houses—a large proportion of what attracted most notice at the time in the departments of art, literature, and science—and lastly, whatever flaunted and glittered in the giddiest whirl of the *best monde*. Comparatively few of these admirers, we suspect, ever knew exactly where Mr Hook lived. His letters and cards were left for him at one or other of his clubs. To the upper world he was visible solely as the jocund convivialist of the club—the brilliant wit of the lordly banquet—the lion of the crowded assembly—the star of a Christmas or Easter party in a rural palace—the unfailing stage-manager, prompter, author, and occasionally excellent comic actor, of the private theatricals, at which noble guardians were the valets, and lovely peeresses the soubrettes.

He kept his diary more regularly than could have been expected in the midst of such a feverish life, and occasionally the entries are pretty full; but little of them, we think, could be with propriety made public as yet. Taken in connexion, however, with the published works of the corresponding period, and with what common acquaintances had access to see of his personal existence, the record is certainly a very curious one on the whole—many passages pregnant with instructive warning—the general effect most melancholy. In every page we trace the disastrous influence of both the grand original errors, perpetually crossing and blackening the picture of superficial gaiety—indications, not to be mistaken, of a conscience ill at ease—of painful recollections and dark anticipations rising irrepressibly, not to be commanded down—of good, gentle, generous feelings converted by stings and dartings of remorse into elements of torture. If we were to choose a motto for this

long line of volumes, it would be a maxim so familiar to himself, that it is repeated over and over in his tales of fiction—hardly omitted in any one of them—“*Wrong never comes right.*”

It is obvious that his affections were twice during this period deeply and seriously engaged. On both occasions he seems to have felt that if he ventured to declare himself, the reception was not likely to be cold; and though young men will dream dreams, and even old men see visions occasionally, it is, we suppose, very possible that he was not mistaken. But ever, when the temptation to speak out had all but reached the point, there occurred something to press on him the claims of that which, as he words it, he “*feels to be, yet could not bear to call, his home.*” He paused and drew back—some unfettered competitor intervened—the prize was carried off—and nothing remained for him but a cruel mixture of self-reproach, that he had so far indulged the fancy as perhaps to betray somewhat of his secret, and of bitter agony in brooding over the stern necessity that had sealed his lips when his heart beat tumultuously towards the avowal. Revisiting, for example, a friendly villa after some lapse of time, he says, in his *Diary*, “*They put me in what used to be her room. I lay in her bed, —’s bed! Oh, God! what a night!*” Not many of those who mingled in his society would have guessed that such feelings as these were at any time uppermost in his bosom. The dates of the entries remind ourselves, in both cases, of scenes as gay as might well be, in which he as usual played a most airy and fascinating part. Hear the *Noctlist*—

“*Rely upon it that *wrong never comes right*, and that no man is truly respectable until he marries, and devotes his cares, his attentions, and his anxieties, to a gentle and confiding partner, whose virtues and merits soothe him in adversity, and give new brightness to prosperity.*”—*Gurney*, vol. ii. p. 294.

Nor will some of his intimates be surprised that we should also quote what follows:—

“*Such is human nature, such the happy construction of our minds, that we go on ridiculing the personal imperfections of others, whose deformities are beauties when compared with our own; censuring in our acquaintance follies which we are daily perpetrating; holding up to contempt their faults, while we are committing precisely the same: believing our own cases exceptions to general rules, and flattering ourselves, even though our conduct should produce similar results to those we abhor and detest in others, that we have been ourselves victims, and led into all manner of vice upon the impulse of feelings originating in sentiment and virtue.*”

His pecuniary embarrassments became deeper and darker every year. Even in the midst of his abundant dissipation he worked hard in the mornings—certainly he covered with his manuscript more paper than would have proved, in almost any other man's case, the energetic exertion of every hour in every day that passed over his head; and little did his fine friends understand or reflect at what an expense of tear and wear he was devoting his evenings to their amusement. The ministrants of pleasure with whom they measured him were almost all as idle as themselves—elegant accomplished men, easy in circumstances, with leisure at command, who drove to the rendezvous after a morning divided between voluptuous lounging in a library-chair and healthful exercise out-of-doors. But he came forth, *at best*, from a long day of labour at his writing-desk—*after* his faculties had been at the stretch—feeling, passion, thought, fancy, excitable nerves, suicidal brain, all worked, perhaps well nigh exhausted; compelled, since he came at all, to disappoint by silence, or to seek the support of tempting stimulants in his new career of exertion. For, however unconscious of effort such a social performer may be, he is all the while tasking the machinery of nature, the most delicate of mysteries. How many admire and enjoy the dazzling light—how few trouble themselves to consider that it may be a candle burning at both ends! He undoubtedly contrived to get through a vast deal of literary labour; but soon the utmost he could hope to achieve by all this was the means of parrying off one urgent creditor this week, another the next, while he knew that scores and scores remained behind, each waiting the turn to advance on him with an unavoidable demand. Hear again the novelist:—

“*The wretched nervousness of a life of pecuniary embarrassment more than outweighs the unfair enjoyment of unjustifiable luxuries. Would an alderman relish his turtle if he were forced to eat it sitting on the tight rope!*” Answer me that question, and I will tell you the sort of splendid misery which that man enjoys who spends double his income, and is indebted to his goldsmith, his tailor, and his coachmaker, not for his dishes, his clothes, and his carriages only, but for the privilege of using them at liberty.”

By the time that Hook had turned fifty, his constitution seems to have been broken up. His diary from time to time gives touching revelations of his private thoughts.

“*Sept. 8 [1838].—To-day the old faintness and sickness of heart came over me, and I could not go out. No—it is only, as I believe, into the grave that I am to go, whether I must be carried. If my poor children were safe, I should not care. God bless and help them. I cannot do the latter as I wish.*”

Jan. 1, 1839.—I never began a year with less shining prospects, yet I trust in God who, through all my

folly, vanities, and indiscretions, knows that my heart is right and my intentions just. To Him I look with confidence for help, not for my own sake, but for those unoffending dear ones who have been brought into the world by my means. I will not despair then, but look forward with hope, and perhaps the clouds which hang over the dawn of 1839 may, by the blessing of Providence, clear away by its noon—.” Still hoping at fifty!

Jas. 1, 1840.—To-day another year opens upon me with a vast load of debt and many incumbrances. I am suffering under constant anxiety and depression of spirits, which nobody who sees me in society dreams of; but why should I suffer my own private worries to annoy my friends?”

He died on the 24th August 1842, deeply in debt, and leaving five children totally unprovided for. “*A subscription was by and by opened at Messrs. Ransom's. The executors, and two or three old friends in middle life, headed it by very liberal sums—L.100 each; but few, very few, of those who had either profited as politicians by Theodore Hook's zeal and ability, or courted him in their lofty circles for the fascination of his wit, have as yet been found to show any feeling for his unfortunate offspring.*” We must mention one very generous exception: his majesty, the king of Hanover, the instant he understood the circumstances, transmitted L.500. Two members of Mr. Hook's own family have come forward also in a manner worthy of their high characters, to an extent, we believe, not altogether convenient for their means. But still, down to this hour, the result is trifling—wholly inadequate to the necessities of the afflicting case.” Hear all this, ye children of genius, tremble, and be wise!

#### RECENT DEMONSTRATIONS IN MESMERISM.

MESMERISM has lately been much in vogue in Paris and London. Even in our own cool and sagacious northern region, it has attracted great attention, chiefly in consequence of the exhibitions of a few lecturers, one of whom had a train of no fewer than fifty patients. The philosophical, with a few exceptions, grieve and proclaim their disbelief; the knowing set it all down as one of those dexterous impostures which from time to time astonish the simple; some hesitatingly acknowledge that they are more at a loss to disbelieve than to believe, so powerful has been the evidence presented to them; another class, if we may judge from symptoms, give full credence, but endeavour to bury their convictions in their own bosoms, the confession being so sure to expose them to derision. In so extraordinary a state of matters, we may perhaps be allowed to give a selection of observations made by ourselves and others, merely to convey some knowledge of this so-called science to such as may have a curiosity on the subject, which they possess no other means of readily gratifying.

The simplest class of the alleged phenomena are those in which a community of sensation between the patient and another person in contact has been shown. These peculiar phenomena have been exhibited on many occasions by a young female under cure for catalepsy in Glasgow. Sitting in the trance, with a close bandage over her eyes, and the hands of the operator in hers, she tells the taste of any stuff put into her mouth, and shrinks with pain when he is pricked, though she does not do so when she is herself pierced with a pin.

An observer, brought to witness the experiments, states as follows:—“*I had a few strong ginger lozenges in my pocket; I placed one of them in his mouth, while he was holding the patient's hands in his. He then asked her, in a low voice, what she had in her mouth? Her lips moved, as if in the act of tasting, and she replied without hesitation, ‘It is ginger.’ I then took the operator's seat, silently putting into my own mouth a quantity of common salt, from a salt-dish on the table. I took firm hold of the patient's hands, and she was again asked what she had in her mouth. Her lips moved again, as in the act of tasting, and she hesitated. I had up till this time kept the salt on my tongue, without any action or suction, so that it was not dissolved, or, at all events, had never touched the palate. The operator told me to swallow the substance which I had in my mouth. This I accordingly did, and she immediately said, ‘It is salt.’ Several of the other visitors tried other substances—sugar, water, ginger again—and she never failed to state with perfect correctness what the substance was.*”

One of the gentlemen who accompanied me was sitting opposite the patient, holding her hands in his, and when we pulled his hair, or pinched his arm, or pricked his hand with a needle, she shrunk at every one of these operations—told distinctly, and without a moment's hesitation, whether her hair was pulled, her arm pinched, or her hand ‘jagged with pins,’ as she called it. The singular part of this experiment is, that while she feels most acutely anything that may be done to a person holding her hands at the time, she is totally unconscious and insensible in her own person.”

We ourselves were present one evening at a private mesmeric exhibition, where a friend of ours put pepper, salt, and sugar successively into his mouth, and the patient whose hand he touched, and whose eyes were bandaged, told the taste of each.

Another kind of experiment consists in producing

various effects upon a patient by the silent exercise of will. A healthy young female was under the mesmeric trance in a private house in Glasgow, in March last. “*A gentleman stood two or three feet from the chair she occupied, and looked intently upon her left hand, which lay quietly upon her lap, with the view of influencing her to raise it. In a short time both hands rose. The gentleman then wished only the left hand to fall; but both hands fell together.*” The sleep of this patient having been renewed by another person, and her eyes again bound up, he once or twice caused her hands to rise by the influence of his will alone. It being premised that light is offensive to such a patient, and that they see only in its reverse—darkness—we proceed to state that the mesmeriser left the room, and shut the door, behind which he mentally wished “Come to me.” The girl gave a start, turned her head round, and then, rising slowly and gracefully, walked across the room to the door, which she opened, when, meeting a glare of light, she turned back with an expression of fear.” Another witness on a subsequent evening repeated these experiments with the greatest precautions as to bandaging of the eyes, and succeeded in raising her hand, as before. He adds:—“*I had arranged in the forenoon with one of the gentlemen present, that, at a time to be indicated by myself, and without notice to the operator, he should leave the room and go through a passage, and into another room, and that, at the end of three minutes, he should wish the patient to come to him. I had been told that, on several previous occasions, a person had gone out of the room, and at once expressed a wish that she should follow, and that she had immediately done so. But I thought it possible that she might so follow because she heard the person go out. To test the experiment properly, therefore, I arranged, as I have stated, that the gentleman who went out should not conceive his wish till the expiration of the time I have mentioned. When the three minutes had elapsed, I looked towards the patient, and observed that she still kept her seat; but she was sitting forward in an attitude of attention, as if listening, and she continued thus for nearly three minutes longer. Thinking that the experiment had failed, I said to the operator that he had better speak to her. He accordingly approached her, and, taking her hand, inquired if she wanted anything. She said, ‘What is it you wish me to do?’ ‘Nothing,’ he answered; ‘I did not wish anything.’ But he had misunderstood her question. It was evident from what followed that she was asking for directions from him as to what she ought to do. He then said to her, ‘Do you hear anything?’ ‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘a voice calls me.’ ‘Well, then, go,’ said the operator. She now rose from her seat, and came into the middle of the room; but the light from the fire, into which this movement had brought her, seemed to confuse her, and, after some hesitation, she said to the operator, ‘I cannot find the way—put me on the way.’ On this he led her to the door, and set her face towards the darkness. As soon as this was done, she went on with confidence, and without hesitation—walked through the dark passage—went straight into the room in which the gentleman was—and proceeded to the particular corner in which he was standing.”*

We have made particular inquiries as to the character of the individuals who reported these facts, and are satisfied that they are respectable persons, who wrote as they thought they had seen.

Phrenology has become strangely complicated with mesmerism, in consequence of many persons in the mesmeric sleep manifesting various sentiments when the appropriate organs were touched. This combination took its rise, we believe, in America, and we have already given an account of some of its early appearances in that quarter of the world. Now, boys taken off the street and mesmerised, are fingered through the whole gamut of the human passions with the least appearance of difficulty. Early in May, Mr. Craig, after lecturing on mesmerism in a public hall in Edinburgh, and experimenting with persons whom he carries along with him as patients, was induced to mesmerise a member of the audience for their better satisfaction. A man who had once been thrown into the sleep before, was with difficulty prevailed upon (so says the reporter) to come upon the stage and submit to the operator. Complete success seemed to attend the experiment, and this man immediately became an object of general curiosity. We afterwards saw him experimented upon in private, and we shall describe what we saw. Let it first be understood, that the individual in question, though of humble rank and education, is in a situation implying approved honesty, and has evidently endeavoured to cultivate his mind by reading. Being introduced to a company of ladies and gentlemen, his demeanour was entirely such as might have been expected in such circumstances—modest, and somewhat bashful. He very quickly fell into the mesmeric sleep, the kind in which the mind is least active. The mesmeriser first touched his organ of imitation, when he began to mimic every sound and expression which he heard. The broken English of an Italian gentleman was amusingly repeated. Benevolence being next touched, he took halfpence from his waistcoat pocket to give to a poor man whom he supposed to be before him. The mesmeriser argued with him about the absurdity of giving money to a worthless person, who might improve his

circumstances if he would work; but he insisted on the beauties of charity, and could not be induced to say one harsh word of the imaginary mendicant. On other organs being touched, we had successively speeches, songs, poetical recitations, and expressions of devout feeling, all the original matter of which was in a style of striking beauty, though deficient in correctness. The same results were produced when the mesmeriser only held his hand, and another person touched the organ of the mesmeriser's head. We did this ourselves, and took care that the patient could not, had his eyes been in any degree open, see upon what organ our finger was placed; yet the appropriate manifestations were presented. For an hour and a quarter the man went through these demonstrations, and never once did he falter in his speech, or fail to keep his countenance for a single moment; so that some one in company remarked, that if it was not what it was pretended to be, it was at least acting of a most extraordinary kind. On coming out of the sleep, the patient resumed his former or natural demeanour, as if nothing had happened. He said he had scarcely any recollection of what had taken place, and he regarded the subsequent proceedings of some other patients with the same appearance of surprise as other beholders.

An Edinburgh newspaper gives a communication from one described as a minister of the established church, relating a case of phreno-mesmerism, in which his son was the operator, and his daughter the patient, the latter being ten years of age:—“ Benevolence being excited, she put out both her hands, and with a kind expression of countenance, seemed to wish to shake hands with every one. Then—she immediately began to hum, placing her hands vigorously in the attitude of playing on the piano. Time being touched, she beat with her foot, and a few notes being played on the piano, she exclaimed ‘Beautiful!’ The same organs on being afterwards touched, she resumed playing, singing, and beating time. ‘Veneration—she immediately put her hands together in the attitude of prayer, and was heard to utter her various prayers distinctly. This organ was repeatedly touched, and always with the same effect, sometimes varying the prayers. Self-esteem—she immediately raised herself from her reclining posture, sat bolt upright, showed airs of importance, and on being asked if pretty, replied in French, ‘très belle,’ &c. ‘Love of Approval—the rubbed her hands, sat upright, smiled, and showed symptoms of pleasure, uttering the word ‘praise.’ ‘Destructiveness—she pulled at and tore her dress, tearing the down from her little tippet, and did the same on the organ being afterwards touched, until Benevolence was brought into play, when she whined and cried pitifully, evidently finding compunction for the bad temper she had shown. ‘Combativeness—she closed her fists and commenced boxing. ‘Eventuality, Comparison, Individuality, Order, Form, &c., were touched with minute success. ‘Constructiveness—she took up her little apron and moulded it into dresses for her doll, and then rolled it up, as children make a doll of a handkerchief. Number was very remarkable. She seized her apron, and began to figure on it as if it was a slate, appeared to be reckoning within herself, and marking down with the pencil; and on being asked what she was doing, replied, ‘Compound proportion,’ and drew a stroke quickly across the bottom of the supposed slate, exclaiming, ‘Done. Is it right?’ &c. Wit, Adhesiveness, Hope, Caution, and Wonder were excited with the most beautiful results, after which the reverend gentleman says, ‘We were drawn on thus far, step by step, none of us having much knowledge of, or faith in, mesmerism or phrenology. We were amazed at the result of the experiment, which was entered upon without any such expectation.’

Lastly, comes the state of *clair-voyance*, of which the two Glasgow females already spoken of are notable practitioners. The healthy woman has exhibited before private parties in Edinburgh. A friend of ours, a German, a man of letters and extensive information, not previously a believer in mesmerism, asked her to accompany him to his father's house on the banks of the river near Stettin; she did so, and described the country, the house, and everything in it, with the greatest correctness. Another friend, a lady, requested the patient to accompany her to her father's house in a secluded part of East Lothian; she did so, described it minutely, as well as its environs, and stated that in the parlour she saw an elderly lady rubbing her ankle on a footstool, the part being sore (the lady's mother really has a sore ankle); even to the number of sacks in the barn, and the way in which these were arranged, the description was found to be strictly correct. A third person, who for several years has used an uninhabited house for the purpose of keeping some spare furniture, requested her to go to it with him. This house, it may be remarked, has been scarcely entered by any but himself for the last four or five years. She, without prompting or leading questions of any kind, described the room in which his writing-table is placed, its two book-cases, one at each side of the room, the table itself, and a wooden chair with a cut-down back, all with the greatest correctness. In another case, a neighbouring room had been arranged peculiarly, and among other singular objects placed in it was a skeleton, which was seated on a chair, with a sheet round it, and a cap upon its head. She said she saw some one sitting in the room; his head was smooth and cold;

he had no feeling. A gentleman of literary and scientific attainments had her brought to his house, where he had previously made some peculiar arrangements for the purpose of testing the reality of her powers. She was asked to say what was in a closed box placed before her. She gave a vague description of something which proved to be a book with its back uppermost. ‘I then,’ says he, ‘called her attention to the thing next it, which she described as little and round; and she spoke of a string being attached to it, and a bit of lead. Resting little, I asked her to look at the thing again, and to examine it closely. She then began to move her forefinger backwards and forwards, and spoke of wheels. The article was a pocket pedometer, with a string and small white-metal hook attached, and, of course, a pendulum connected with wheels in the inside.’ This experimenter had also placed a number of articles in the shelved recesses at the bottom of his book-case. Having directed her attention to these, she described with correctness a model of a ventilating apparatus and a hat-box in one recess, also some articles in the lowest shelf of another. He had placed, in the upper shelf of that recess, a plaster mask of one of his sons, and to this he directed her attention. She spoke of a thing with a lion's face. Surely, thought he, that cannot be the face of my son. Then she adverted to another beast, and to a thing like what the queen wears on her head. His lady, standing by, observed that she was evidently describing the royal arms. It was held to be a failure; but, in the evening, making particular investigation into the subject, it occurred to him to unpack a small patent coffee-mill, which he had bought some months before, but neglected, and which lay on the bottom shelf of the recess. On the side of that mill was a small brass tablet, affixed by the maker to denote his patent, and which contained the royal arms. On the supposition that she had not followed him from the lower to the upper shelf, the description might be presumed to be correct.

The following case from the Glasgow Argus, is selected only because it appears to be one of the most carefully reported:—‘The patient was now requested to go to a place of business in town, with all the internal arrangements of which I was perfectly familiar. She replied, ‘I do not know it.’ The mesmeriser said, ‘It is in — Street; go and find it out.’ Almost immediately she indicated that she had discovered the place, and was desired to go in, and describe what she saw. Her description did not accord with the state of the premises; but, strangely enough, I heard sufficient to convince me that she had entered, not the place desired, but a bank situated next door. She was in the teller's room, and explained the position of the long desk, and railings adjoining, with great accuracy. Having been frequently in this bank, I recognised at once the description she gave of it. She seemed puzzled when asked to tell the use of the railings, but at length said, ‘I think they must be for the salvation of the bank.’ The word ‘bank’ had not been previously made use of either by the mesmeriser or myself. She was now told, ‘You have gone into the wrong place; go and seek the one you were first desired to find out, the place being at the same time named to her. She then indicated that she had found it, and was asked where she was. ‘At the door.’ ‘What kind of a door is it?’ ‘It is just like another door.’ ‘Well, go in.’ ‘It is locked and fastened.’ ‘How is it fastened?’ ‘There is a long dark thing across it, and a thing like that’ (doubling her fist). Now, I was aware that the door in question was fastened outside with a long iron bar and a padlock, the door itself being locked besides. She was then told to open the door and go in, which she accordingly said she had done. ‘What do you see?’ ‘I see a railing before me.’ ‘How does the railing go?’ ‘It goes up that way’ (making a motion with her hand upwards—all right). ‘What is the railing attached to?’ ‘I cannot say what it is; but, on being more particularly questioned, she said it was a stair—(again right). She was then desired to pass the railing, and proceed through a large apartment to the door of a smaller apartment leading from it. This room she was asked to enter. ‘What do you see?’ ‘I see a very neat, nice place.’ ‘What do you find in it?’ ‘There is a nice desk—low desk’—(correct). ‘Is the desk open or shut?’ ‘It is open’—(also correct, the desk having that night been left open). ‘Is there anything on the walls?’ ‘They are very pretty’—(the walls are neatly papered). ‘But do you see anything on the walls?’ ‘I see a number of things around them.’ ‘Are they pictures?’ ‘No.’ ‘What are they?’ ‘I cannot tell; one of them has a thing pictured all round it.’ I may here state, that round the walls were several printed placards, and that one of them had a very broad ornamental border round the margin. ‘Is there a carpet on the floor?’ ‘Yes’—(correct). ‘Are there any seats in the room?’ ‘Yes, there are one, two, three, and another seat.’ This question was repeated several times, and the same answer received. In point of fact, there were only three seats in the room, and what she uniformly represented as ‘another seat’ could not be ascertained, unless she meant the window-sill, which is not unlike a seat, after all. The patient was next desired to state if there was any thing upon the desk, when she said there was a curious dark thing, which she could not describe. Being asked if it was like an ink-stand, she replied, ‘It might’—[in reality an ink-stand stood upon the desk, but it was one of a very curious con-

struction, and even a walking visitor might be excused for not being able accurately to describe it.] On being farther questioned, she said there was a bit of paper on the desk—(correct). She was then asked to go into a dark closet used partly as a lumber room, and partly as a receptacle for a certain description of goods, the latter being placed above each other in large packages. When asked what sort of a room this was, she said, ‘It is a curious-looking place, not like the last.’ ‘What kind of a place is it?’ ‘I think it is a place for putting past things in.’ ‘What do you see in it?’ ‘I see things laid, and laid, and laid’—(making a motion with her hand to indicate that the articles were laid one above another). This struck me as a very accurate description of the packages already referred to. ‘What more do you see?’ ‘I see a number of things lying about.’ ‘Describe them more particularly.’ ‘I see a place where a number of other things are laid, and laid, and laid’—(making the same motion with her hand as before). ‘What kind of a place is that?’ ‘It has one, two, three, four, five wards, I think.’ ‘Does it look like a press?’ ‘Yes, it is a press; and it has folding-doors.’ This was an accurate description of a press in the closet, containing a quantity of paper, laid in the way described by the patient. The patient was now requested to go to another room on the premises, the door of which she said was shut—(correct). Having entered, she said there was a large thing in it, resembling a table more than a desk—(correct)—that there were many things on it she could not describe accurately [the table had lying on it a number of small papers in a loose and irregular manner]. She said there was at the foot of the table a large square thing, very thick at the one side, and narrow at the other [this was an accurate description of a portable writing-desk which lay on the table, and also of its position]. ‘Are there any seats in the room?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘How many?’ ‘One, two, and another seat.’ There were, in fact, two chairs in the room, but what was meant by ‘another seat’ could not be ascertained, unless, as in the case of the other room, the window-sill was again taken for a seat. Being asked to describe what she saw on the floor, she spoke of a number of articles too trifling to be of any consequence in the investigation; but on being told to look well, and see if there was anything of a striking nature, she replied, ‘A part of the floor is marked off.’ ‘Well, what is it?’ After a moment's hesitation, she drew back with an expression of fear, and said, in evident discomposure, ‘It is a horrible looking place—it's a dungeon.’ ‘A dungeon! is there a door upon it?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well, lift it up.’ After a pause, ‘Have you lifted it?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘What do you see?’ ‘A horrible looking place—it's like a dungeon.’ ‘Have you looked down?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Is there any light in it?’ ‘No—it's not a nice place.’ ‘How did you lift the door?’ ‘There is a thing upon it which men in the world would lift it by.’ ‘What kind of a thing is that?’ ‘I can't tell.’ ‘Is it wood or iron?’ ‘It must be iron, for it is very hard.’ This description was perfectly correct in every particular. In the room there is a trap door on the floor, used for lowering articles to the sunken flat, and the appearance below is not unlike that of a dungeon: the door is lifted by a small iron ring, which she described as ‘the thing men in the world would lift it by,’ as if to indicate that she required no such facility in doing it. The peep into ‘the dungeon’ evidently caused her considerable annoyance.

The above I avouch to be, in almost every particular, a correct description of the premises. In one or two trifling matters there were some inaccuracies, but these I believe to have arisen more from the manner in which the questions were put, than from mistake on her part. It may be proper to state, that this female never was in the place in her life, and that the position of things was described by her which no person on earth, except one, knew anything about.’

#### NOTICES IN SCIENCE.

##### NEW AFRICAN GRAIN.

In November last a notice of a new African grain was read before the Linnean Society of London by R. Clarke, Esq., Senior Assistant Surgeon to the colony of Sierra Leon. According to Mr Clarke, this grain, which is called ‘fundi,’ or ‘fundangi,’ is cultivated in the ‘neighbourhood of Kiay village, and in other parts of the colony, by industrious individuals of the Sooso, Foulah, and other tribes, by whom it is highly prized. By the natives it is called ‘hungry rice,’ though neither in botanical character nor appearance does it bear the least resemblance to the rice of common culture. The fundi is a slender grass, with digitate spikes, and grows to the height of about eighteen inches. The ear consists of two conjugate spikes, the grain being arranged on the outer edge of either spike, and alternated; the grain is attached by a short peduncle to the husk, from which it is easily separated. The grain, which is cordiform (heart-shaped), and about the size of mignonette seed, is covered by a thin fawn-coloured membrane; and when freed from this membrane, is whitish and semi-transparent. It is highly glutinous, and has a delicate flavour, between that of rice and kiln-dried oats.

The mode of culture is extremely simple. The ground is cleared for its reception by burning down the copsewood, and hoeing between the roots and stumps. It is sown in the months of May and June,

the soil being slightly opened, and again lightly drawn together over the seed with a hoe. In August, when it begins to shoot into ear, it is carefully weeded. It ripens in September, growing to the height of about eighteen inches; its stems, which are very slender, being then bent to the earth by the mere weight of the grain. The patch of land is then either suffered to lie fallow, or is planted with yams or cassada in rotation. Experienced cultivators of this Lilliputian grain assured Mr. Clarke that manure was unnecessary, nay, injurious, as it delights in light soils, and is even raised in rocky situations, which is the general character of surface in and around Kissy. When cut down, it is tied up in small sheaves, and placed in a dry situation, generally within the huts of the natives; for, if allowed to remain on the ground, and to get rain, the grains become agglutinated to their coverings. The grain is trodden out with the feet, and is then parched or dried in the sun, to allow of the more easy removal of the outer membrane (or epicarp) in the process of pounding, which is performed in wooden mortars. It is afterwards winnowed with a kind of cane faner on mats.

In preparing this delicious grain for food, it is first put into boiling water, assiduously stirred for a few minutes, and the water then poured off. To the grain so prepared, the Soosos, Foulahs, &c. add palm-oil, butter, or milk; but the Europeans and negroes connected with the colony generally stew it in a close saucepan with fowl, fish, or mutton, a small piece of salt pork being added for the sake of flavour. This is said to make a very good dish. Sometimes it is made into puddings with the usual condiments, and eaten either hot or cold with milk. By the few natives of Scotland in the colony, it is dressed as milk porridge. In either form, it is said to be excellent; and Mr. Clarke is of opinion, that could it be raised in sufficient quantities, it would become an important article of commerce, as it would prove a valuable addition to the list of light farinaceous articles of food now in use among the delicate and convalescent. From the specimen kindly furnished us by Mr. Clarke, the fundi grain appears to be quite as delicate as arrow-root, while it possesses a more agreeable flavour than sago, potato-starch, and other similar preparations.

Mr. Kippist, librarian to the Linnean Society, who has technically described the fundi, regards it as a hitherto undescribed species, although specimens of the grass obtained at Sierra Leone by Afzelius are in the collections of Sir James E. Smith and Sir Joseph Banks. Afzelius has noted on the specimen of Sir James Smith, that the grain is much cultivated by the negroes of that colony; but it is to Mr. Clarke that we are indebted for any details relative to its culture and economical uses.

#### THE TUSSACK GRASS.

Dr. Joseph Hooker, now connected with Captain Ross's Antarctic expedition, on writing to his father, Sir William, gives a description of a species of grass called tussack, discovered on the Falkland Islands, and which, according to some authorities, is calculated, beyond any other, to suit the swamps and salt marshes of Ireland and Scotland. It luxuriantly grows on damp mossy soils, is greedily sought after by horses and other animals, possesses highly nutritive qualities, and could be more cheaply and abundantly produced than any other known variety. Several notices respecting its wonderful properties have lately appeared in the agricultural journals, from which we collect the following interesting particulars.

A letter in the British Farmers' Magazine thus glowingly describes it:—"The splendid tussack is the gold and glory of these (the Falkland) islands. It will, I hope, yet make the fortune of Orkney and Irish landowners of peat bogs. Every animal here feeds upon it with avidity, and fattens in a short time. It may be planted and cut like the Guinea grass of the West Indies. The blades are about six feet long, and from 200 to 300 shoots spring from one plant. I have proved, by several experiments, that one man can cut 100 bundles in a day, and that a horse will greedily devour five of these in the same time. Indeed, when the sea beats with the greatest violence, and the spray is carried farthest, then the tussack grass thrives the best on the soil it loves. All the smaller islands here, though some of them are as large as Guernsey, are covered with tussack, which is nutritious all the year."

From details collected by the Gardeners' Chronicle, it appears that this remarkable grass also greatly excited the admiration of our earlier voyagers. Bougainville (1766) speaks of it as a grass of the most beautiful green colour, growing to the height of six feet, and forming a covert for lions and sea-wolves. He says that the root is sweet and nutritious, and is preferred by beasts to any other food; while the stalks and leaves form excellent huts, and was so used by him and his companions. According to Pernety (1770), it appeared at a distance like small copsewood; but, on approaching, he found it to be only "tall bulrushes, or corn-flag, growing each of them about two and a-half feet high, and afterwards shooting forth a tuft of green leaves, nearly of as much height

more. Later travellers speak of it in similar terms, and describe the base of its stem as having a pleasant taste, like that of the cabbage-palm, so much esteemed in tropical countries. They figure it as a handsome grass, from four to six feet high, with flag-shaped leaves, like the iris and sedge; from which circumstance the species has derived its name, *Festuca Flabellata*.

The most complete account, however, is that by Dr. Joseph Hooker:—"Near the sea-coast, a very noble grass grows in immense abundance, called tussack. It forms quite an extraordinary feature in the landscape, covering immense tracts of land, especially on a sandy soil. Its roots form great balls, which rise five or six feet above the ground, and are often as much in diameter. The culms spring from the top of them, bearing long leaves, which hang down all round in the most graceful manner, and are themselves six or seven feet in length. These heaps or tussacks grow generally apart, but within a few feet of one another, the intermediate space of ground being generally quite bare of vegetation; so that, in walking among them, you are quite hidden from view, and the whole tussack ground is a perfect labyrinth. Cattle thrive admirably, and soon get fat upon this grass; and so fond are they of it, that when they get it, they will touch nothing else; and with horses it is the same."

The soil in which the tussack is found, is described as a spongy bog, utterly uncultivable, and very similar to what occurs in the south and west of Ireland, and in the Islands and Highlands of Scotland. The climate of the Falklands is much more favourable than might be expected, from their latitude; the thermometer ranging sometimes so high as 75 degrees in summer, and seldom falling below 26 in winter. The days of summer are long and warm, with occasional showers, producing a rapid vegetation; and in winter, from proximity to the sea, snow disappears in a few hours, and ice is seldom found above an inch in thickness.

Such are the principal facts connected with this wonderful grass; and could it be successfully introduced into the British islands, it would indeed be an Eldorado to the owners of our extensive swamps and salt marshes. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that a trial will be made of its alleged virtues.

#### NOVEL SOURCE OF HEAT.

For the last 600 or 800 years, "fire has been dug from the bowels of the earth" in the shape of coal, a mineral with which most of our readers are presumed to be perfectly familiar. In some instances, such as at Whitehaven in England, a gas analogous to that of our gas-works is given off from the coal-mines, which, when collected and properly regulated, supersedes the necessity of erecting retorts and other preparatory apparatus. In both of these cases, however, the fire and light are not in an active state; we are merely presented with the raw material, and have to elaborate the result by some artificial process. We have as yet no such thing as "ready-made" fire or light from terrestrial sources, unless we are inclined to look upon Etna, Vesuvius, and other volcanoes, in that domestic and somewhat degrading character. But then no man has proposed, or, if the proposal has been made, no man has yet been so bold as to clap a safety-valve and damper on Mount Etna, in order to divert fountains of liquid lava into the kitchens of the Sicilians; nor have we ever heard of any project to supply the huts of the Icelanders with hot-water pipes from the Geysers. It is true that advantage has occasionally been taken of thermal springs for hot baths, such as at Carlsbad; but, generally speaking, we have as yet made no progress in bringing into economical subjection the inexhaustible supply of heat which pervades the interior of the globe. The attempt, however, is now in progress, and at the present moment, our Parisian neighbours are boring for hot water to heat the green-houses and menageries of the Garden of Plants.

It is a well-known fact, and sufficiently established by experiment, that as we descend into the interior of the earth, the temperature increases; and hence, at great depths, the water which issues from the rocks will be sufficiently hot for the purposes contemplated by the Parisians. According to the observations of Cordier, Arago, Fox, and others, the temperature increases one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet of vertical descent, after passing the first sixty or seventy feet, which may be influenced by summer's heat or winter's cold. In Monkwearmouth pit (the deepest in England), it was found that while the temperature at the surface was only 49 degrees, that of water at the depth of 1584 feet was 71 degrees as it issued from the seal. A somewhat similar increase of temperature has been found to prevail in all the Artesian wells in and around Paris; and hence the obvious conclusion, that water procured from very great depths will be sufficiently hot for various economical purposes. It is intended, we believe, to sink the Artesian well now in progress at the Garden of Plants to the depth of 800 or 900 metres (2600 or 2925 feet), where, according to the deductions of M. Arago, water will be obtained at the temperature of 97 or 104 degrees Fahrenheit. This water is to be conducted by pipes around the green-houses and menageries, and will communicate a more permanent and equable supply of heat than either air or steam-flues; while, after the

original cost of procuring it, it will be maintained, so long as the internal heat of the globe remains the same, without further expenditure. The scheme is highly plausible; indeed, its success is almost certain; at all events, it will have the merit of testing the truth of theoretical deductions, and of adding to our knowledge of the interior conditions of our planet.

#### INVENTION OF THE GUN PERCUSSION LOCK.

The public is now generally acquainted with the percussion lock—a piece of mechanism almost universal on fire-arms for private use, and which is even beginning to be adopted in European armies, not only for musketry, but for ordnance—and yet little is known of the individual by whom, and the circumstances under which, it was invented. Like Somerville's safety-slide, and like gunpowder itself (if the best accounts are to be believed), this invention was made by a clergyman—the Reverend Dr. A. Forsyth, minister of Belhelvie, near Aberdeen. Dr. Forsyth died a few weeks ago at an advanced age, after having performed the ministerial duties of his parish for fifty-two years. The Aberdeen Herald (newspaper) three years since gave an interesting account of the invention and the inventor, who, we are sorry to find, never in the least profited by the service which he thus rendered to the public. The attention of Dr. then Mr. Forsyth, was first attracted to fire-arms by what he heard, in 1793, of the efforts which the French were obliged to make, in order to procure a substitute for ordinary gunpowder, which the want of saltpetre prevented them from making in sufficient quantity. Learning that a powder from the chloride of potash had been suggested to them, Mr. Forsyth, who was then engaged in chemical investigations, experimented upon that substance, and found, as the French did, that the powder made from it could not be used. To pursue the narrative given in the Aberdeen Herald:—"In the course of the investigation, he produced a powder which not only was easily ignited by percussion, but also readily kindled common gunpowder. Here was the principle of percussion; and forthwith he went diligently to work to construct a lock in which the flint and steel should be dispensed with. This he accomplished, most ingeniously, in a variety of forms; and, in spring 1806, he was able to carry to London a fowling-piece with a percussion lock, acting on fulminating mercury, which performed tolerably well, and fully embodied the principle. After being seen by some friends and acquaintances, among whom was Lord Brougham, it was shown to Sir Joseph Banks and Lord Moira, then master-general of the ordnance, both of whom were highly pleased with it. Lord Moira sent for Mr. Forsyth, and urged him to conduct some experiments at the Tower. At first he was rather unwilling; but Lord Moira obviated his objection, by writing personally to the Aberdeen presbytery for leave of absence, and ordering the overseer of the Tower to furnish workmen, prohibiting all persons whatever from interfering with what was going on.

Mr. Forsyth commenced his experiments, and, after several attempts, succeeded at last in constructing a gun-lock, and compounding a priming powder, which answered still better than the fulminating mercury, and satisfied Lord Moira of the applicability of the principle to muskets. He was next instructed to ascertain whether percussion could be applied to guns, and a three-pounder was sent him to experiment on. Previous to this, there had been nothing said on the subject of remuneration, further than that all expenses should be paid; but as there seemed to be a probability of a considerable detention, it became necessary to have some arrangement. Lord Moira's proposal was, that Mr. Forsyth should, of course, get his expenses, and, when he had completed his experiments, a suitable reward. He also promised that, besides paying the gentleman who officiated for Mr. Forsyth at Belhelvie a reasonable salary, he should be favourably considered, if he were a proper person, in the distribution of the crown patronage. This part of the stipulation shared the same fate as that relating to the 'suitable reward'—neither was fulfilled.

Mr. Forsyth soon constructed a lock for large guns, and the invention was considered complete. The 'suitable reward' remained to be settled, and Mr. Forsyth professed himself willing to accept the price of the gunpowder that would be saved to the government in two years only by the adoption of his plan. This was acceded to; and the ascertained sum, which was considered perfectly satisfactory, was about to be paid, when a change of ministry put an abrupt end to the negotiation. With some difficulty Mr. Forsyth obtained payment of his expenses, and returned home, chagrined, no doubt, at his disappointment, but still more so at the prejudice and folly of the government, in continuing, during the war, to use clumsy firelocks that wasted fully a seventh of the powder, and were not nearly so effective nor so constantly available as his would have been."

## ICEBERGS OF SPITZBERGEN.

[From Captain Beechey's Narrative.]

We found the shores of this part of Spitzbergen in general very steep, for, with the exception of here and there a narrow flat bordering upon the sea, they speedily rise into mountains of from two thousand feet and upwards in height, increasing to a far greater altitude in the interior. These hills are, for the most part, inaccessible, either on account of the abruptness of the ascent, or of the treacherous nature of their surfaces, upon which large stones and fragments of the mountain are so lightly poised, that the smallest additional weight precipitates them to the bottom of the hill. \* \* \* Almost all the valleys in Spitzbergen, which have not a southern aspect, are occupied either by glaciers or immense beds of snow. These beds afford almost the only feasible mode by which the summits of the mountain-ridges can be gained; even these are very steep; and in descending by them, extreme care is necessary to avoid being precipitated from the top to the bottom, especially when the snow has been rendered hard by a succession of thawing and freezing. This process frequently takes place in the summer, and occasionally glazes the surfaces so highly, that when the sun shines, they reflect a brilliant lustre, and give to the coast a curious and pleasing aspect, which, though upon an incomparably more extensive scale, brings to the recollection of those persons who have visited Quebec, the singular effect produced by the mass of tinned roofs and steeples which used to crown the heights of that place. Of the danger which attends the traversing these acci-  
vities we had nearly received a serious proof, for we narrowly escaped losing one of our best and most active seamen in an attempt to descend by one of these inclined planes. \* \* \* Near Dane's Gat there are several glaciers, similar to those already described in Magdalena Bay, the largest being about ten thousand feet in length, by two to three hundred feet in perpendicular height. Like the former, they all occur between steep mountains, and partake of the peculiarity of all the glaciers in Spitzbergen, none of them having a southern aspect, but all invariably occupying such valleys as are either very obliquely inclined to the noonday sun, or are entirely screened from it by the surrounding hills. \* \* \* In the Arctic regions, the upper surface of the glacier presents a smooth and slightly convex plane, free from those ridges and pinnacles which characterize the southern glacier. It often extends two or three miles inland, in an inclined direction, until it attains the mountain-ridge, and is surmounted only by the dreary rocky peaks, from which the glacier in part receives its supply. The surface of this plane is occasionally rendered hard and crisp by frost, and is then capable of being traversed on foot; but in so doing, it is necessary to guard against the danger of falling into the fissures, which are sometimes both numerous and of considerable depth. Like the southern glacier, streams of water from the thawing snow around fall in bold cascades into these fissures, and rush into the icy bowels of the berg, there to be converted anew into ice, or to find an exit at the face of the glacier. In the large iceberg at Dane's Gat, one of these streams was in constant operation during the day, gushing out of the perpendicular face of the glacier, and falling into the sea, while another was discharged at the head of a cavern at the surface of the sea. The face or front of the glacier is generally perpendicular, and occasionally projects a considerable distance into the sea, apparently descending to a great depth also. Throughout the whole extent of surface it presents a wall of pure ice. Caverns sometimes occur near the water's edge, and the sea washing into them, occasions long pendent icicles, which have a pleasing effect. The sea in the vicinity of almost all the glaciers which fell under our observation was deep. In some places we could find no bottom with our deep-sea lines, as close as we dared go; and in others, as in Magdalena Bay, the water deepened from the centre of the bay to the large glacier at its upper extremity; and towards all the bergs formed in that harbour there was a tendency to an increase of depth; whereas, on the opposite side of the bay, where there are no glaciers, there is comparatively shallow water from one end to the other. \* \* \* In consequence of the immense pieces of ice which occasionally break off these glaciers, it is very dangerous for a boat to approach them. On two occasions we witnessed avalanches on the most magnificent scale. The first was occasioned by the discharge of a musket at about half a mile distant from the glacier. Immediately after the report of the gun, a noise resembling thunder was heard in the direction of the iceberg, and in a few seconds more an immense piece broke away, and fell headlong into the sea. The crew of the launch, supposing themselves beyond the reach of its influence, quietly looked upon the scene, when, presently, a sea rose and rolled towards the shore with such rapidity, that the crew had not time to take any precautions, and the boat was in consequence washed upon the beach, and completely filled by the succeeding wave. As soon as their astonishment had subsided, they examined the boat, and found her so badly stove, that it became necessary to repair her in order to return to the ship. They had also the curiosity to measure the distance the boat had been carried by the wave, and found it ninety-six feet. On another occasion, we were viewing the same glacier, and had approached tolerably near, when a similar

avalanche occurred, but, fortunately, we were not near the shore, and by attending to the direction of the boat's head, we rode over the wave it occasioned without any accident. This occurred on a remarkably fine day, when the quietness of the bay was first interrupted by the noise of the falling body. Lieutenant Franklin and myself had approached one of these stupendous walls of ice, and were endeavouring to search into the innermost recess of a deep cavern that was near the foot of the glacier, when we heard a report as if of a cannon, and turning to the corner whence it proceeded, we perceived an immense piece of the front of the berg sliding down from a height of two hundred feet at least into the sea, and dispersing the water in every direction, accompanied by a loud grinding noise, and followed by a quantity of water, which, being previously lodged in the fissures, now made its escape in numberless small cataracts over the front of the glacier. We kept the boat's head in the direction of the sea, and thus escaped the disaster which had befallen the other boat; for the disturbance occasioned by the plunge of this enormous fragment caused a succession of rollers, which swept over the surface of the bay, making its shores resound as it travelled along it; and at a distance of four miles, was so considerable, that it became necessary to right the *Dorothea*, which was then careening, by immediately releasing the tackles which confined her. The piece that had been disengaged at first wholly disappeared under water, and nothing was seen but a violent boiling of the sea, and a shooting up of clouds of spray, like that which occurs at the foot of a great cataract. After a short time it reappeared, raising its head full a hundred feet above the surface, with water pouring down from all parts of it; and then, labouring as if doubtful which way it should fall, it rolled over, and after rocking about some minutes, at length became settled. We now approached it, and found it nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference, and sixty feet out of the water. Knowing its specific gravity, and making a fair allowance for its inequalities, we computed its weight at 421,660 tons. A stream of salt water was still pouring down its sides, and there was a continual cracking noise, as loud as that of a cart-whip, occasioned, I suppose, by the escape of fixed air.

## MY MOTHER'S KISS.

I love to hear the music  
Of my brother's careless glee,  
And many a household voice  
Bringeth melody to me.  
I love the gentle pressure  
Of many a fond caress,  
Yet is there one that more than all  
Hath power to soothe and bless.  
My infant lip turned eagerly  
To meet its soft salute,  
Given with a trembling earnestness,  
That sealed the giver's mute.  
I loved it then, unconsciously,  
And from that hour to this,  
There is sought on earth so precious  
As my mother's gentle kiss.  
It was then my richest guerdon,  
When, some childish lesson o'er,  
With the wildly gushing joyousness  
That may visit me no more,  
My young heart overflowing  
With the fulness of its bliss,  
I flew to claim the promise  
Of her proud and happy kiss.  
And when at length grows weary  
Of happiness and play,  
I sought repose and balmy sleep,  
At close of summer day.  
When my vesper hymn was over,  
And my evening prayer was said,  
And the curtains gathered carefully  
By her hand around my bed,  
The fervent pressure of that kiss,  
As my eye began to close,  
Shed o'er my rest its rosy dreams,  
Till the early birds arose.  
And ever when a wanderer  
From my love encircled home,  
Mid other scenes, with other friends,  
Delightedly I roam;  
When the twilight shadows gather,  
And the dew falls on the flower,  
And the weary birds are turning  
Each to his forest bower,  
And the fond heart homeward tendeth,  
Oh! 'tis sorrowful to miss  
The accents of her sweet "good-night,"  
My mother's parting kiss.  
The cold world may disperse  
Hearts so closely twined,  
The fairest flowers may wither,  
Bathed by northern wind;  
Glad tones may lose their music,  
Kind words grow harsh and strange,  
Yet the magic of my mother's voice,  
For me can never change.  
The fond heart may be driven  
From its sweet repose in love;  
Dark waters gather round us,  
And skies grow dark above;  
Yet earth hath still one resting place—  
My heart's strong faith be this:  
There is no power can chill or change  
My mother's gentle kiss.

A. C.

## THE FOUNDER OF THE ARKWRIGHT FAMILY.

The first member of this now wealthy, distinguished, and remarkable family, who made a noise in the world, was Sir Richard Arkwright, who was born of humble parentage, at Preston, in Lancashire, on the 23d December 1732. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and, as may be supposed, the amount of school learning which he received was exceedingly scanty. He was brought up to the trade of a barber, an occupation which could not afford much promise of distinction, although he shortly became one of the most remarkable men of his times. About 1760 he quitted the business of a barber, which he had previously carried on in the town of Bolton, and became a dealer in hair. This article he collected by travelling about the country, and which, when he had dressed, he sold again in a prepared state to the wig-makers. The profits of this business were increased, and the circle of his customers was enlarged, by means of secret process of dyeing hair which he possessed, and which is said to have been a discovery of his own. This fact, however, is doubtful, as his mind was of a mechanical turn, and he is not believed to have had any knowledge of chemistry; it is also improbable. His first effort in mechanics was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion; and this direction having been given to his mind, the result was the invention of the machinery for spinning cotton with rollers, better known as the "spinning jenny." After much difficulty, great opposition, and many efforts to prove that he had plagiarised his invention, he, having left Lancashire, went into partnership at Nottingham with a stocking manufacturer named Need, and Mr Jedediah Strutt of Derby, the ingenious improver and patentee of the stocking-frame; and it is a remarkable fact, that although Mr Strutt saw at once and acknowledged the great merit of the invention, he pointed out various defects, which the inventor, from a want of mechanical skill, had been unable with all his powers of contrivance to supply. In 1769 Mr Arkwright obtained his first patent, and commenced a manufacturing concern, which he carried on with Messrs Need and Strutt. In 1784 he was appointed high sheriff of the county of Derby; and on the occasion of presenting an address of congratulation to George III. on his escaping from the attempt at assassination by Margaret Nicholson, he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Richard Arkwright died on the 3d of August 1792, at the age of sixty, remarkable for his mental energy and application to business to the very last, and leaving a fortune of about half a million sterling; a fortune which, it appears, in the hands of his descendant, who has just died, has increased to seven millions and a half.—*Newspaper paragraph.* [A gentleman connected with the factories of Bolton, relates that his grandfather ordered a wig from Dick Arkwright at the time when he carried on the trade of a barber in that town. The future millionaire came a few days after, and candidly told him that he did not possess the funds required to purchase hair for the wig, and he requested a small advance towards the price. The gentleman gave him a guinea, wherewith the hair was purchased, and the wig in due time made its appearance.]

## THE SPEAKING MACHINE.

A Hamburgh correspondent of the *Athenaeum* gives the following account of a singularly ingenious invention, which is at present attracting considerable attention in that city:—"I have as yet seen no notice in your valuable periodical of an invention which is at present attracting great attention here, and which certainly merits every praise that can be bestowed upon unwearied perseverance and successful ingenuity. It is the *Sprachmaschine*, or the speaking machine, not quite appropriately called *Euphonie*, of Mr Faber, the result of a beautiful adaptation of mechanics to the laws of acoustics. You are aware that the attempts of Cagniard la Tour, Biot, Muller, and Steinle, to produce articulate sounds, or even to imitate the human voice, have not been very successful; in fact, our knowledge of the physiology of the larynx and its appendages has been so limited, that we have not even an explanation of the mode in which the falsetto is produced. Mr Faber's instrument solves the difficulties. I can only give you a very imperfect idea of the instrument. To understand the mechanism perfectly, it would be necessary to take it to pieces, and the dissection naturally is not shown the visitor, less from a wish to conceal anything, than from the time and labour necessary for such a purpose. The machine consists of a pair of bellows, at present only worked by a pedal similar to that of an organ, of a caoutchouc imitation of the larynx, tongue, nostrils, and of a set of keys by which the springs are brought into action. [The further description would be unintelligible without diagrams.] The rapidity of utterance depends of course upon the rapidity with which the keys are played, and though my own attempts to make the instrument speak sounded rather ludicrous, Mr Faber was most successful. There is no doubt that the machine may be much improved, and more especially that the *timbre* of the voice may be agreeably modified. The weather naturally affects the tension of the India rubber; and although Mr Faber can raise the voice or depress it, and can lay a stress upon a particular syllable or a word, still, one cannot avoid feeling that there is room for improvement. This is even more evident when the instrument is made to sing; but when we remember what difficulty many people have to regulate their own chorea vocales, it is not surprising that Mr Faber has not yet succeeded in giving us an instrumental Catalani or Lablache. Faber is a native of Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden; he was formerly attached to the observatory at Vienna, but owing to an affection of the eyes, was obliged to retire upon a small pension; he then devoted himself to the study of anatomy, and now offers the results of his investigations, and their application to mechanics, to the world of science."

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